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wretchedly paid; and its subjects held to their allegiance only by an omnipresent despotism. Its revenues are derived chiefly from taxes on agricultural industry, and of course must be seriously affected by the conscription necessary to recruit its armies in actual service, so that the larger the apparent strength it brings into the field, the more hopeless must be its embarrassment as to the means of sustaining its forces in a serviceable condition.

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19.—*An Art Student in Munich.* By ANN MARY HOWITT. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. 1854. 16mo. pp. 470.

FOR once genius is hereditary. The souls of William and Mary Howitt find joint rejuvenescence in their daughter, who inherits the graphic power of one parent, the poetic fancy of the other, and the genial, happy, sunny temperament of both. Her book is a perfect kaleidoscope, and presents a new picture with every turning of a leaf. Buildings, paintings, and statuary, royal and rural festivals, manners and opinions, food and raiment, summer flowers and winter sledging, talks with artists and gossipings with eccentric landladies and despotic housemaids, are all so vividly portrayed, that it is hard to say where the writer's genius lies. And the book is running over with the innocence, joyousness, and enthusiasm of a young soul of transparent purity, intense vitality, and sincere devotion.

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20.— *Wensley: a Story without a Moral.* Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1854. 16mo. pp. 302.

THE plot of this story is simple, and the only ripple in "the course of true love" that runs through it is an almost successful scheme of atrocious scoundrelism for the ruin of the heroine's father. But the story is charmingly told. It is pervaded by an exquisite humor, which never bursts into a flash of wit, but perpetually corruscates in lambent fires, like the heat-lightning of a summer's evening. The characterization, also, could hardly be surpassed in lifelikeness. The personages are such as we who have passed middle life have known, and could almost identify. There is a Massachusetts parson, whose ministry dates from the last century, his negro serving-man, such as were, but are no longer, the deacon, the tavern-keeper, the village choir, and the host of village worthies,—in fine, a whole portrait-gallery of such forms as were once the pride of New England, and represented the idiosyncra-